

# The First Part of Henry the Fourth, with the Life and Death of HENRY Sirnamed HOT-SPURRE.

## Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter the King, Lord John of Lancaster, Earle  
of Westmerland, with others.

King.

O shaken as we are, so wan with care,  
Finde we a time for frighted Peace to pant,  
And breath shortwinded accents of new broils  
To be commenc'd in Strands a-farre remote:  
No more the thisty entrance of this Soile,  
Shall daube her lippes with her owne childrens blood:  
No more shall trenching Warre channell her fields,  
Nor bruiſe her Flowrets with the Armed hooves  
Of hostile paces. Those opposed eyes,  
Which like the Meteors of a troubled Heauen,  
All of one Nature, of one Substance bred,  
Did lately meete in the intestine shooke,  
And furious cloze of ciuill Butchery,  
Shall now in mutuall well-beseeming rankes  
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd  
Against Acquaintance, Kindred, and Allies.  
The edge of Warre, like an ill-sheathed knife,  
No more shall cut his Master. Therefore Friends,  
As farre as to the Sepulcher of Christ,  
Whose Souldier now vnder whose blessed Crosse  
We are impress'd and engag'd to fight,  
Forthwith a power of English shall we leuie,  
Whose armes were moulded in their Mothers wombe,  
To chase these Pagans in those holy Fields,  
Ouer whose Acres walk'd those blessed feete  
Which fourteene hundred yeares ago were nail'd  
For our aduantage on the bitter Crosse.  
But this our purpose is a tweluemonth old,  
And bootlesse 'tis to tell you we will go:  
Therefore we meete not now. Then let me heare  
Of you my gentle Cousin Westmerland,  
What yesternight our Councell did decree,  
In forwarding this deere expedience.

West. My Liege: This haste was hot in question,  
And many limits of the Charge set downe  
But yesternight: when all athrow there came  
A Post from Wales, loaden with heavy Newes;  
Whose worst was, That the Noble Mortimer,  
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight  
Against the irregular and wilde Glendower,  
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,  
And a thousand of his people butchered:

Vpon whose dead corpes there was such misale,  
Such beastly, shamelesse transformation,  
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be  
(Without much shame) re-told or spoken of.

King. It seemes then, that the tidings of this broile,  
Brake off our businesse for the Holy land.

West. This marcht with other like, my gracious Lord,  
Farre more vneuen and vnwelcome Newes  
Came from the North, and thus it did report:  
On Holy-roode day, the gallant Hotspurre there,  
Young Harry Percy, and braue Archibald,  
That euer valiant and approoued Scot,  
At Holmeden met, where they did spend  
A sad and bloody houre:

As by discharge of their Artillerie,  
And shape of likely-hood the newes was told:  
For he that brought them, in the very heate  
And pride of their contention, did take horse,  
Vncertaine of the issue any way.

King. Heere is a deere and true industrious friend,  
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his Horse,  
Strain'd with the variation of each soyle,  
Betwixt that Holmeden, and this Seat of ours:  
And he hath brought vs smooth and welcomes newes.  
The Earle of Douglas is discomfited,  
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty Knights  
Balk'd in their owne blood did Sir Walter see  
On Holmedons Plaines. Of Prisoners, Hotspurre took  
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldest sonne  
To beaten Douglas, and the Earle of Atholl,  
Of Murry, Angus, and Menteith.  
And is not this an honourable spoyle?  
A gallant prize? Ha Cofin, is it not? Infaith it is.

West. A Conquest for a Prince to boast of.

King. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, & mak'st me sin,  
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the Father of so blest a Sonne:  
A Sonne, who is the Theame of Honors tongue;  
Among't a Groue, the very straightest Plant,  
Who is sweet Fortunes Minion, and her Pride:  
Whil'st I by looking on the praise of him,  
See Ryot and Dishonor staine the brow  
Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,  
That some Night-tripping-Faery, had exchang'd  
In Cradle-clothes, our Children where they lay,  
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet:

Then

Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine:  
But let him from my thoughts. What thinke you Coze  
Of this yong Percies pride? The Prisoners  
Which he in this aduenture hath surpriz'd,  
To his owne vse he keepes, and sends me word  
I shall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife.

West. This is his Vnckles teaching. This is Worcester  
Maleuolent to you in all Aspects:  
Which makes him prune himselfe, and bristle vp  
The crest of Youth against your Dignity.

King. But I haue sent for him to answer this:  
And for this cause a-while we must neglect  
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.  
Our holy purpose to Ierusalem.  
Cofin, on Wednesday next, our Councell we will hold  
At Windsor, and so informe the Lords:  
But come your selfe with speed to vs againe,  
For more is to be said, and to be done,  
Then out of anger can be vttered.

West. I will my Liege.

Exeunt

## Scena Secunda.

Enter Henry Prince of Wales, Sir John Fal-  
staffe, and Pointz.

Fal. Now Hal, what time of day is it Lad?

Prince. Thou art so fat-witted with drinking of olde  
Sacke, and vnbuttoning thee after Supper, and sleeping  
vpon Benches in the afternoone, that thou hast forgotten  
to demand that truly, which thou wouldst truly know.  
What a diuell hast thou to do with the time of the day?

Fal. Indeed you come neere me now Hal, for we that  
take Purfes, go by the Moone and seuen Starres, and not  
by Phœbus hee, that wand'ring Knight so faire. And I  
prythee sweet Wagge, when thou art King, as God saue  
thy Grace, Maieſty I should say, for Grace thou wilt  
haue none.

Prince. What, none?

Fal. No, not so much as will serue to be Prologue to  
an Egge and Butter.

Prince. Well, how then? Come roundly, roundly.

Fal. Marry then, sweet Wagge, when thou art King,  
let not vs that are Squires of the Nights bodie, bee call'd  
Theeues of the Dayes beautie. Let vs be Diamas Porre-  
sters, Gentlemen of the Shade, Minions of the Moone;  
and let men say, we be men of good Government, being  
gouerned as the Sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the  
Moone, vnder whose countenance we steale.

Prince. Thou say'st well, and it holds well too: for the  
fortune of vs that are the Moones men, doeth ebbe and  
flow like the Sea, being gouerned as the Sea is, by the  
Moone: as for prooffe. Now a Purse of Gold most reso-  
lutely snatch'd on Monday night, and most dissolutely  
spent on Tuesday Morning; got with swearing, Lay by:  
and spent with crying, Bring in: now, in as low an ebbe  
as the foot of the Ladder, and by and by in as high a flow  
as the ridge of the Gallows;

Fal. Thou say'st true Lad: and is not my Hostesse of  
the Tauerne a most sweet Wench?

Prince. As is the hony, my old Lad of the Castle: and is  
not a Buffe terkin a most sweet robe of durance?

Fal. How now? how now mad Wagge? What in thy  
quips and thy quiddities? What a plague haue I to doe  
with a Buffe-Ierkin?

Prince. Why, what a poxe haue I to doe with my Ho-  
stesse of the Tauerne?

Fal. Well, thou hast call'd her to a reck'ning many a  
time and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Fal. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou hast paid al there.

Prince. Yea and elsewhere, so farre as my Coine would  
stretch, and where it would not, I haue vs'd my credit.

Fal. Yea, and so vs'd it, that were it heere apparant,  
that thou art Heire apparant. But I prythee sweet Wag,  
shall there be Gallows standing in England when thou  
art King? and resolution thus fobb'd as it is, with the ru-  
lie curbe of old Father Anticke the Law? Doe not thou  
when thou art a King, hang a Theefe.

Prince. No, thou shalt.

Fal. Shall I? O rare! Ile be a braue Iudge.

Prince. Thou iudgeth false already. I meane, thou shalt  
haue the hanging of the Theeues, and so become a rare  
Hangman.

Fal. Well Hal, well: and in some sort it iumpes with  
my humour, as well as waiting in the Court, I can tell  
you.

Prince. For obtaining of suites?

Fal. Yea, for obtaining of suites, whereof the Hang-  
man hath no leane Wardrobe. I am as Melancholly as a  
Gyb-Cat, or a lugg'd Beare.

Prince. Or an old Lyon, or a Louers Lute.

Fal. Yea, or the Drone of a Lincolnshire Bagpipe.

Prince. What say'st thou to a Hare, or the Melancholly  
of Moore-Ditch?

Fal. Thou hast the most vnſauoury smiles, and art in-  
deed the most comparatiue rascallest sweet yong Prince.  
But Hal, I prythee trouble me no more with vanity, I wold  
thou and I knew, where a Commodity of good names  
were to be bought: an olde Lord of the Councell rated  
me the other day in the street about you sir; but I mark'd  
him not, and yet hee talk'd very wisely, but I regarded  
him nor, and yet hee talk'd wisely, and in the street too.

Prince. Thou didst well: for no man regards it.

Fal. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeede  
able to corrupt a Saint. Thou hast done much harme vn-  
to me Hal, God forgie thee for it. Before I knew thee  
Hal, I knew nothing: and now I am (if a man should speake  
truly) little better then one of the wicked. I must giue o-  
uer this life, and I will giue it ouer: and I do not, I am a  
Villaine. Ile be damnd for neuer a Kings sonne in Chri-  
stendome.

Prince. Where shall we take a purse to morrow, Iacke?

Fal. Where thou wilt Lad, Ile make one: and I doe  
not, call me Villaine, and baffle me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee: From  
Praying, to Purse-taking.

Fal. Why, Hal, 'tis my Vocation Hal: 'Tis no sin for a  
man to labour in his Vocation.

Pointz. Now shall wee know if Gads hill haue set a  
Watch. O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole  
in Hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omni-  
potent Villaine, that euer cryed, Stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow Ned.

Pointz.